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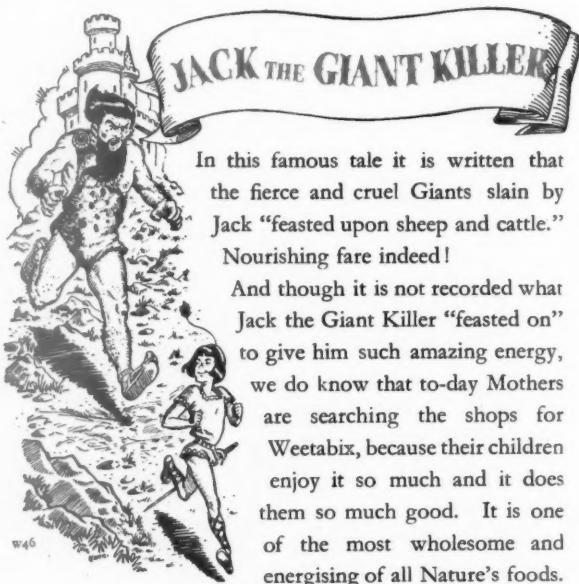
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In this famous tale it is written that the fierce and cruel Giants slain by Jack "feasted upon sheep and cattle." Nourishing fare indeed!

And though it is not recorded what Jack the Giant Killer "feasted on" to give him such amazing energy, we do know that to-day Mothers are searching the shops for Weetabix, because their children enjoy it so much and it does them so much good. It is one of the most wholesome and energising of all Nature's foods.

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The Pyjama Set illustrated is indicative of "Conlowe" style.

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says Gustave the Guard

If you come to France you will see what we have done to repair the ravages of war. Our services are nearly pre-war, and we can offer you comfortable travelling, with the convenience of advance booking through any English travel agency. Above all, we offer a most sincere and warm welcome to our friends from England.

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**FRENCH RAILWAYS**  
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*There are Swans once again!*

*Oh what joy and delight*

*For those who love smoothness*

*And flow as they write.*

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(Little Boy Blue)



*for the welcome return of*

**IDRIS**

*The Quality Soft Drink*

Keep  
your  
strength  
up  
—the  
sensible way.

**Hovis**

THE "BETTER-BALANCED" BREAD

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**Church's famous English shoes**

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Are being enjoyed in  
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**HALEX**

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# WELLINGTON



Wellington, rebuking over-  
precipitation in an officer during the Peninsular War  
remarked — "Courage is an  
admirable quality, but discretion and judgment are just  
as necessary, particularly in  
the leader of an advance guard."

Wellington's words apply equally in this post-war world. British courage, alone, is not enough. More and more must we rely upon organizations of solid commercial standing and technical knowledge. Perhaps that is why firms of sound judgement place their confidence in "Wellington," an

advance guard in tubular research. For over 70 years Wellington tubes have formed the arteries through which flow the life-blood of industry. Our experience of the manufacture of Iron and Steel tubes for gas, water, steam and other purposes is always at your disposal.

### THE STEEL TUBE PEOPLE



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TUBE WORKS LTD.

HEAD OFFICE &amp; WORKS · GREAT BRIDGE · TIPTON · STAFFS.

*The essence of  
Hospitality*



PRESENT RETAIL PRICES IN U.K.,  
Half-bottle 17/6; miniature, 5/-  
Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd.,  
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Telephone Number: CITY 4953

*For  
very fine  
wines*



OLD CUSTOMERS are informed that limited supplies will shortly be available of HAWKER'S "PEDRO DA FONTE" & "HUNTING" PORT at 180/- and 210/- a dozen, and HAWKER'S "FINO" Sherry at 204/- a dozen

### HAWKER'S OF PLYMOUTH

SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PEDLAR BRAND SLOE GIN



*Indigestion?  
Ah, Yes!*

— YOU WANT

**MEGGESEN**  
BISMUTH DYSPEPSIA  
TABLETS

1/6  
AND  
3/10

Lawn cutting with a RANSOMES' MOTOR  
MOWER effects real economy. It saves both time  
and labour, and literally shaves the turf, leaving  
that smooth, velvety finish so much admired.

Supplies limited. List on request.

RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, LTD.,  
ORWELL WORKS, IPSWICH



## DANDIES OF COVENT GARDEN....No. 3



*Charles the Second*, gay and gallant in plumed hat and silken coat, driving with Nell Gwynn . . . what a page in Covent Garden's vivid history . . . to set beside the story of Beau Brummell, of Topham Beauclerk, of Garrick ! How natural that Covent Garden, which knew this monarch so well, is still famous among men who know good clothes.

## MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2.  
Temple Bar 4477

BOURNEMOUTH MANCHESTER PORTSMOUTH BRISTOL CAMBERLEY ALDERSHOT

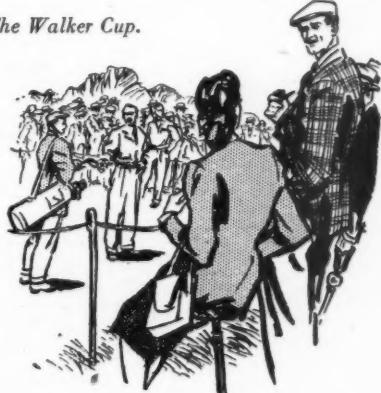
*Stan Cottier*

himself  
designed and recommends

**LOTUS**

Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

**Edgegrip Shoes for Golf**

*The Walker Cup.***What are they talking about?**

No, not the last putt. The conversation turns on Burrough's Gin. Fastidious in most things, and especially their gin drinks, they prefer Burrough's because it is triple distilled. This extra refinement makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

As a 'straight' drink Burrough's is delicious. In a delicate cocktail it can be relied upon to "keep its place". Maximum price 25/3d. per bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820

**BURROUGH'S** *Gin*  
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11



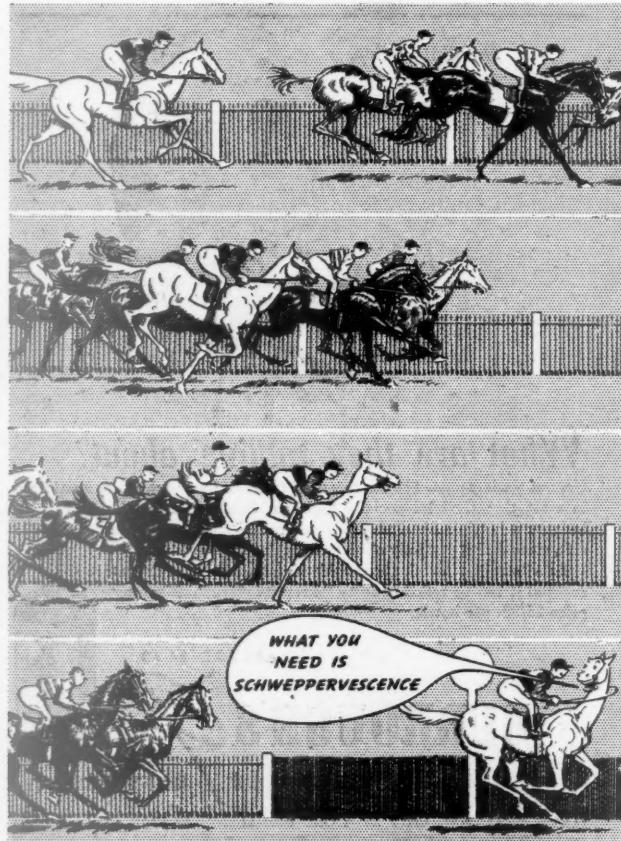
A tyre is more than  
skin deep!



Only half a tyre is rubber; the carcass that takes the weight is *fabric*. Goodyear's patented fabrics and carcass-building experience give every Goodyear tyre a

quality foundation. And when you put on top of all this the long-wearing, skid-resisting All-Weather Tread, you've got a tyre second to none.

You can trust  
**GOOD YEAR**



The  
**SPRING TONIC**  
for your car!



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PLUGS

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

*What the Press say*

A series of impartial comments

"The refinement of the Bentley lies in the consummate ease and the perfect certainty with which it obeys the driver's wishes."

Autocar 24.5.46

*The 4½ Litre Mark II*  
**BENTLEY**  
*The Silent Sports Car*





# PUNCH

or  
The London Charivari



Vol. CCXII No. 5548

May 7 1947

## Charivaria

A FOREIGN journalist has stated that his next assignment is to record the disintegration of the British Empire. To ensure absolute accuracy he will use an automatic photo-finish camera.



"Horse wtd. guard. gd. worker must stand unattended 6 to 9 years." — "Birmingham Mail."

To keep place in queue?

A 15-stone London constable knits as a hobby. Nothing infuriates him more than to be called a bobby-soxer.

A passenger on a liner which ran aground says he spent the time in the bar.

Waiting for somebody to push the boat out?

### Smashing Time Ahead

"And is it not time that breakfast cups and saucers were made at reasonable prices?"

"It is time women had a break." — Letter to "Daily Herald."

A Shropshire butcher recently paid a seven-pound bill mainly in threepenny pieces. And the balance in corned beef?

We hear that another unofficial strike is threatened by workers already out on an unofficial strike because the leader of the original unofficial strike had not been appointed unofficially.

"CUTLERY ORDERED TO BE THROWN IN THE SEA"  
"Daily Express."

In the hope, presumably, that it would be washed up.

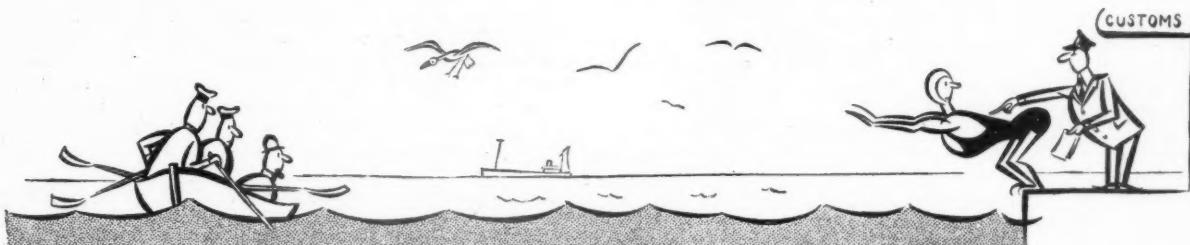
A Moscow newspaper reports that the Foreign Ministers have made progress in some directions. Home-wards, for one.

A correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph* says we have returned to the cave-dweller's mode of life. The only difference is that it is now the female of the species who goes out to hunt for food.



"If you have clay soil, dig deep enough to sink an old cistern, drill holes in it for drainage, fill with leaf mould and fine loam and plant a rhododendron," says a gardening writer. And the rest of the week-end's your own.

Several people will try to swim the Channel this summer. They will of course be subject to the usual 75-pound handicap.



## The Voyage of Maeldune

(A Rediscovered Fragment)

AND we came to the Isle of Labour, its breath met us out on the seas  
Where the Spring and the middle Summer were joined in the sound of a sneeze,  
For the Spring was worse than the Winter, and the Summer was worse than both,  
And icicles hung from the bus-queues and women were wroth,  
And the ships in the docks lay idle, for the dockers were out on strike  
Because of a foreman's hat-band whose shape they did not like.  
But the walls were covered with slogans which said "We must work or starve,"  
So we called for food to feed us, and took out our knives to carve,  
But the food was nothing but schedules, and the wine was only ink,  
And the streets were filled with burglars, and most of them stealing mink,  
And the cars with the strong policemen rolled up to the place in time  
To say that the thieves were robbers and to reconstruct the crime.

And a myriad Civil Servants were housed in a myriad dens  
Passing the files to each other and filling their fountain-pens.  
Promise and promise and nothing but promise and never a fruit,  
And only the voice of statesmen and the wireless were not mute,  
For the cobweb stood on the flywheel and the coal remained in the pit  
And the stoves were out and the fires were out and the lamps unlit.  
And we dallied awhile at the station with no one to carry our bags,  
And we paid the gold of our fathers for a packet of twenty fags,  
And we came to a heap of rubble and a pile of broken tools.  
And the only place of business was a palace of football pools.  
And we sickened at last of the humbug and the workmen loafing about  
And we tore up a thousand posters and shook the isle with a shout.  
For they said "The harvest is coming," but we cried "We shall not stay,"  
And we bade farewell to the country and in anger we sailed away.

EVOE.

## Clippings from the Leader Page

SIR.—As a lover of Battersea Power Station I learn with dismay of the proposal to erect a cathedral in the Fulham Road. The proponents of the scheme argue, with a callous illogicality that does as little credit to their hearts as to their heads, that the design of the new building is to be kept as closely in conformity with the power station as its position and purpose allow, so that the harmony of the surrounding district will be enhanced rather than impaired. Furthermore, so these self-deluding vandals maintain, the selection of a site for the cathedral north of the river ensures that the justly cherished views of the power station from the south and south-east will lose none of the dignity that their designer intended.

What are the facts? The pinnacles on the two eastern towers of the proposed construction will overtop Sir Giles Scott's masterpiece by a clear thirty feet; so much is clear from the blue-prints. And as for the flagrant parochialism of the argument based on the admittedly fine southerly aspect of the power station, one is tempted to ask how much consolation for the spoliation of their favourite view the inhabitants of Chelsea and the Cromwell Road are expected to derive from the good fortune of Clapham Common and Wandsworth. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the glimpse of the chimneys from the top of Earl's Court, now to be ruthlessly bisected, is unequalled in London.

Yours faithfully,  
J. CORKSCREW.

SIR.—Mr. Corkscrew's letter, with much of which I agree, surely misses what is the fundamental absurdity of the Fulham Cathedral scheme. I refer to the fact that the edifice is to be above ground.

The lofty creations which enshrined the aspirations of their builders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may

have been all very well in the Middle Ages. But we live in an atomic age. If we are to be worthy of the new world in which we live, our architecture, in common with every other manifestation of the creative instinct, must be an expression of the spirit of that world. To attempt to put the clock back, to disregard, in short, the lessons of the last war, is not only bad art: it is to pull the wool over our eyes, like a lot of senseless sheep, and run our heads blindly against a brick wall.

No need we be ashamed, when we remember the catacombs of the early Christians, to go underground, particularly in view of the fact that the cleared site above the cathedral would go far to solve the pressing problem of parking in south-west London. There should be no objection, in these enlightened days, to a car-park in, or rather above, the precincts, provided it was run in an orderly and reverent fashion. I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,

PAUL FOGG, A.R.I.B.U.A.

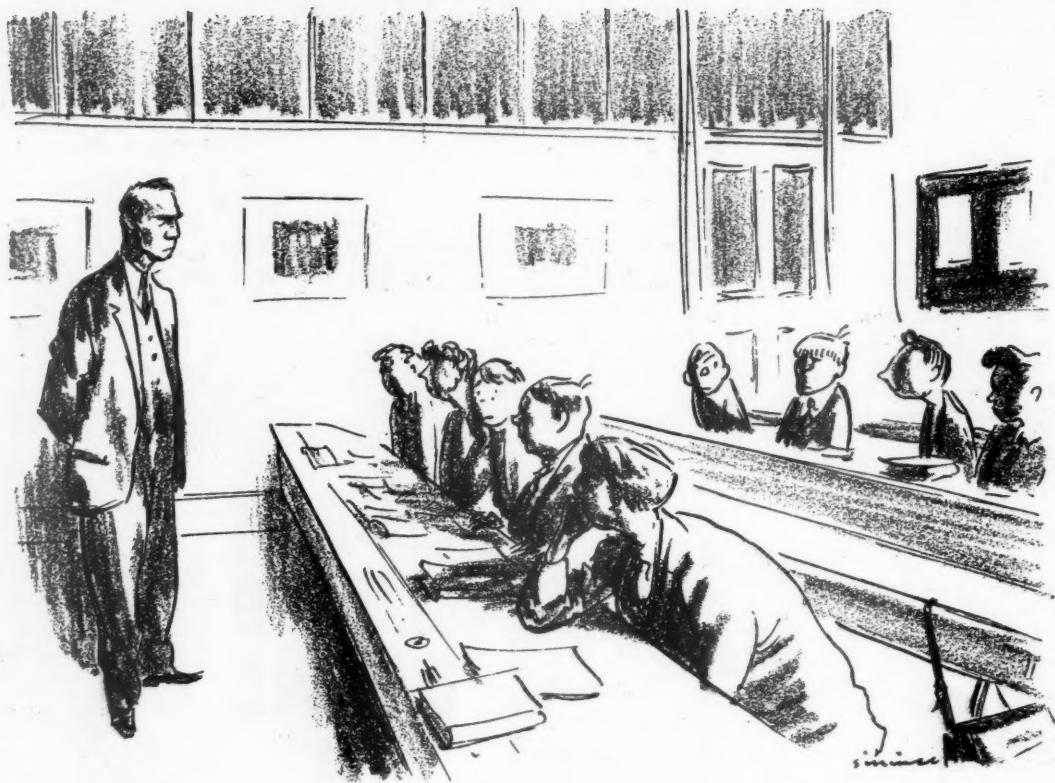
\* \* \* \* \*

SIR.—Your correspondent, Paul Fogg, follows Mr. Corkscrew into error in supposing that the amenities of Battersea Power Station are threatened by my Committee's proposals. What is contemplated is not a cathedral at Fulham but a Potato Refining Plant at Walham Green, a very different project with which, I imagine, no one who has the interests of the neighbourhood at heart will be disposed to quarrel. The choice of a site in Walham has been dictated largely by economic considerations, affording as it does easy access to the Thames below Putney Bridge and enabling us to tap at will the flow of potatoes down the Fulham Palace Road.

Mr. Corkscrew may rest assured that the proposed Plant constitutes no kind of menace to the Power Station, of which I am myself a fervent admirer. Pinnacles are not



STALEMATE



*"And remember this: each one of you carries a Minister of Education's fountain-pen in his satchel."*

provided for in the plans, which are available for inspection at these offices at any time. Furthermore, my Committee would, I know, strongly oppose any suggestion of a cathedral in the Fulham area, should such a proposition be entertained in any quarter. Quite apart from the dwarfing of our own Plant which would inevitably result, a building of this nature would seriously prejudice the piquant glimpses of the Albert Hall that may still be enjoyed on a clear day from Brook Green and, I believe, the Chelsea football ground.

I may add, with reference to Mr. Fogg's letter, that the refining of potatoes underground was attempted more than once during the war, notably at Ponder's End, but without success.

Yours faithfully,

KENNETH A. SOCK,  
Secretary, The Refined Potato Society.

\* \* \* \* \*  
SIR,—If, as now appears, we are to have an evil-smelling potato factory in the heart of one of London's loveliest suburbs, instead of the noble and sacred edifice originally planned, may I as a lifelong resident of Camden Town put in a plea for Regent's Park, which is shortly, I understand, to be defaced by the erection of a new Elephant House. When Nash planned his noble terraces it was no part of his original conception (which in sweep and breadth is without equal in the annals of town planning)

that hyenas and jackals should be allowed to roam almost at will within the circumference of the Outer Circle, still less that so un-English a monstrosity as an Elephant House should flaunt its hideous neo-Byzantine dome in the face of his classic Regency façades. It is true that the Zoological Gardens came into existence (1828) before John Nash's death in 1835, but we may be sure that during his lifetime the influence of the great architect must have kept the size at once of the animals retained there and of their quarters within reasonable bounds. Is it too much to ask, in the interests of one of the few remaining beauty spots in London, that elephants should be debarred from entering the confines of the capital city?

I subscribe myself, Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
REGENCY.

\* \* \* \* \*  
SIR,—Is it not time that we concerned ourselves more with the provision of a reasonable standard of warmth and shelter for the inhabitants of London, and less with the possible effects on the view of the Elephant and/or Castle from the S.E.?

Yours, etc.,

HARD-HEADED YORKSHIREMAN.

(Several other correspondents have written to the same effect.)

H. F. E.

## Translations from the Ish

### FAIR WARNING

**W**HEN the sun shines again  
We will make hay,"  
Said the Tory M.P., slyly,  
"Of their plans."

### VOWELS MADE EASY

"As I understand it," said the Ish traveller,  
"Some speakers of English—  
Call them Group A—  
Pronounce the word 'refined'  
In a way that Group B  
Would spell 'refained',  
And then Group C  
Takes this spelling over, using it  
To represent the speech  
Of Group B?"

The phoneticist said Yes.  
"But then," said the Ish traveller,  
"How does Group C distinguish  
The speech of Group A?"  
"My dear sir," said the phoneticist,  
"It detects not a hair's-breadth of  
difference."

### CLASSIFICATION

There are two kinds of newspapers.  
One:  
Bless me, he's going to read  
The *leading article*!

### Two:

Bless me, he *isn't*!

### CITY SCENE, 1947

Solid business men, lunching  
At 12.10 P.M.  
On rubbery little pieces of beef  
With Yorkshire pudding  
In damp resilient wads,  
Followed by great solid lumps  
Of roly-poly smeared with treacle,  
And punctuating the meal with  
Kkkkrrrrassssching  
Coughs.

### LET HER GO, CHARLEY

Even in the musical comedy  
There are certain conventions  
As rigidly stylized  
On a basis of logic  
As those in a bull-fight.  
Consider the close of the second act:  
Everybody on the stage  
(And nearly everybody *is*)  
Points straight up into the air,  
Because that is where the curtain  
Is about to come from.

### ILL-TEMPERED EXCHANGE

"Give me any valid reason  
For changing my views—  
Give me a single

Unanswerable argument—  
And I will give you  
A thick ear."

### THE MUSE ON TRAM-LINES

I must say I should like to read  
The kind of Shakespeare  
Bacon really would have written,  
And even more  
I should like to have watched him  
Writing it . . .  
"Of course, 'black' is the right word,  
But 'white' is the only one  
That fits the cipher.  
Ah, well—  
Better nonsense than anonymity."

### THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD

Being interested in language,  
The Ish traveller asked  
Whether the word "bargee" meant  
"One who is barged into."

He asked a bargee—  
Exactly the right person  
(As it turned out)  
For anybody interested in language  
To ask.

### NOTE ON A HOUSING ESTATE

Hence the term  
"Burrow surveyor."

R. M.

## More News from Djzlib

**S**INCE I last reported to you the situation has not improved in any way. In fact it has deteriorated, for there are rumours, which a Government spokesman described as authoritative, that a delegation is on its way from the United States to negotiate a trade agreement. This same spokesman pointed out that the country has nothing to trade, but added that the Americans would probably find something they wanted, even if it were only Mr. Henry Wallace. The present Government is of course Liberal, but it is not expected to last longer than a week, when it will be the turn of the Communists to form the Coalition. General Garonu returned from the mountains last night, but he would make no statement when I cycled up to his headquarters this morning. As he has left his wife with the rebels, it is not anticipated that he will be leaving the Government for some time. Meanwhile, Archbishop Pallivitch has summarized the outlook as *halligal* (dim).

Two nights ago I attended a reception held in the town hall here in

the capital. Although politically unsettled, the Djzlibian knows how to enjoy himself. There is a peculiar ritual attached to all festivities held in this unhappy little country. Three times during the evening a woman enters the building by the front door, walking backwards and crying "Poor Willa is dead." Nobody takes any notice of her until her third appearance, when each person in the room over twenty-one is expected to offer her a ginger-biscuit and a glass of the local wine. All these she refuses, and leaves, still walking backwards, by the back door. The origin of this custom is obscure and its retention in a cultured society is discouraged by the Liberals, who think they know who Willa was. There is some connection with the visit of a British fleet in 1843, and this no doubt accounts for the ginger-biscuits. What was offered before 1843 is unknown, but the suggestion that nothing at all was offered is supported only by anti-British quarters, which suggest that it is an attempt to force capitalist-produced ginger-biscuits on the

workers. The efforts of the British Council have done much to improve the standard of the biscuits themselves.

I made reference to the local wine above, but this is poor stuff when compared with the garitzl, a kind of cheese-cake. This is made from flour, water, and tito, the local cheese, very strong and somewhat unpalatable by Western standards. When fried, it is almost delicious, despite the peculiar smell. It is only served on special occasions, although the richer families serve it at funerals. Sometimes, too, it is burnt in winter to keep the cattle warm.

Outside my window a woman is trying to sell a copy of James Mason's biography, fresh evidence of the excellent work being done out here by the British Council. Although it is quite a clean copy, she has been there for a week without a customer. She told me that she has not had to explain who James Mason is, which she considered a tribute to the Rank Organization. Her endurance is, I think, typical of the spirit of this unhappy little country.

## Will He Come?

THE solid times of old have passed away,  
Into what lies ahead may no man dip,  
Better to worry on from day to day  
And let the future rip.

Yet, as I write, my wandering fancies rove  
To that vast Thing (I being, you'll agree,  
One of those contemplative kind of coves)  
The Serpent of the Sea.

It was his yearly wont at summer's height  
Up from the deep to rear a giant neck  
While awestruck mariners in wild affright  
Stood rooted to the deck,

And the glad news was flashed across the main  
To brighten up a Press, then rather flat,  
And readers murmured, Here we are again,  
And felt quite bucked therewith.

But now where are we? Summer, of a sort  
(Mark the sarcastic note), will soon be due  
But if 'twill bring that heartening report  
I know no more than you.

Will he observe his old-time rite, and shed  
A periodic glamour as of old  
Or coil discouraged in his oozy bed,  
Or merely dodge the cold?

We can but hope, the days are early now,  
That in good time some mariner will yell  
"Behold, a Serpent on the starboard bow":  
"Port" would do just as well,

Only to trust—the rest is with the gods—  
That of the staid past one thing lingers yet  
On which one might at favourable odds  
Hazard a trifling bet. DUM-DUM.

## Severing the British Connection

THE pastime of Severing the British Connection is one which is gaining increasing popularity among old and young nations alike. It is hoped here to give some hints on this invigorating and profitable sport for the benefit of nations who have not yet taken it up.

In the first place it is of course necessary to have a British Connection to sever. The lack of one has been regarded too often in the past as barring from the field nations who would otherwise have been glad to participate. Many past exponents have gone to great trouble to acquire their British Connection; some acquired it in spite of taking no little trouble to avoid acquiring it; and others picked it up almost without noticing it.

Ways of acquiring a British Connection are now known to be numerous, and some of them are extremely easy.

One need only cite the recent case of S., which previously had nothing that could really be called a British Connection. Less patient nations might have made do with the single Connection at their disposal and severed that. Fortune was, however, kind to S., and this pseudo-connection not only severed itself but presented S. at the same time with a fully-fledged British Connection. The people of S. are now busily preparing for the sport, which should be in full swing in a year or two. The pseudo-connection of S. was severed at the trifling cost of a million pounds. Here a truly happy circumstance should be noted by future players; this sum did not have to be found by the people of S. but was provided by the people of B. These latter gain very little from the sport, but are always anxious to contribute as much of their time and money as they can to it. Students should note this and endeavour always to secure the co-operation of the people of B., both in acquiring the Connection and in severing it; it will usually be possible to arrange for them to finance both stages of the game.

Another instructive example is that of P. Here a subtle variation enters into the game. The people who were previously in P. had very recently acquired a British Connection, when another body of people arrived, also with a British Connection, and in fact if they had not managed to acquire their British Connection it is doubtful if they would ever have arrived in P. at all. The first people of P. took very little interest in the game, though it is hoped and expected that they will soon join in; in fact one of their main interests at the time was to prevent the second people of P. from playing the game on their territory. The second people replied with some justification that since the British Connection had brought them to P. it was only fair that they should start Severing it now that circumstances permitted them to do so. The game in P. is now in full swing. The expenses are almost entirely borne by the people of B., with a helpful contribution from the people of A., who, having been one of the first practitioners of the game, always take the closest interest in its adoption by others.

Against these two brilliant examples of rising young players must be set the lamentable case of I. Here,



"That will be ten shillings to pay on this one."

Now that the great efficiency drive is on, and we've all got to "work or want," should we not review our daily activities, and note how much time we habitually waste that we ought to employ in useful work for the country? Speaking for myself, alas, I have to confess to an average of—

70 minutes



30 minutes wasted waiting for the Toll operator to answer, so that I could put through a call—



25 minutes wasted waiting for Trunks ditto—



70 minutes wasted waiting for trains that were that much late—



40 minutes wasted queueing in post offices to send parcels and get forms and things—



75 minutes wasted queueing for various necessities of existence—



30 minutes wasted queueing for lunch—



35 minutes wasted in walking up and down long flights of stairs to save electricity—



80 minutes wasted waiting in traffic jams—

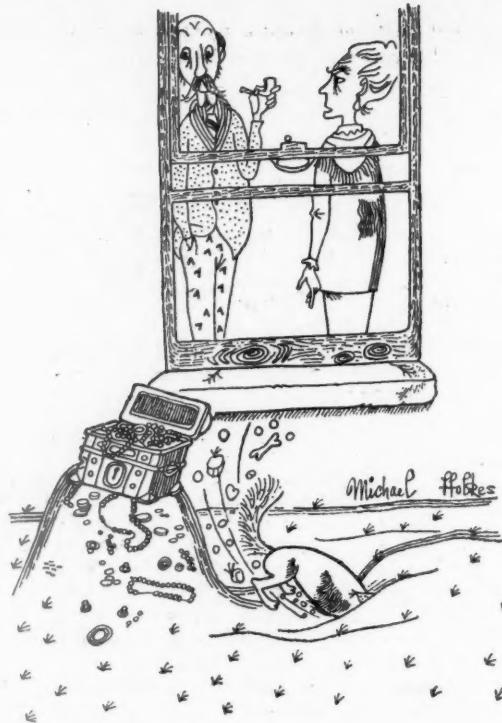


and 15 minutes wasted adding it all up and discovering that, when persisted in for six days out of seven, it effectively disposes of the whole of my 40-hour week.

indeed, the picture is dark, and it is to be hoped that other nations, in particular the peoples of R. and of A., will do all they can to encourage the people of I. to conduct the closing stages of their game with more vigour and enterprise than they have shown so far. The people of A. showed some tendency earlier on to assist the people of I., but have lost heart somewhat of recent years, not surprisingly in view of the latter's apathy and perverseness. The people of I. are, however, rather misunderstood, and there is some reason for their dissatisfaction with the game. It may be explained briefly that the British Connection was acquired by the people of I. at very little trouble to themselves, long ago, at a time when the prospects of their ever being able to sever it seemed remote. As they gained in strength it seemed that a really good game might develop in I. A severe set-back hindered this happy development; there appeared distinct signs that in the course of time the British Connection would sever itself, thus ruining the game entirely. This naturally caused the greatest dissatisfaction among the people of I. The

difficulty of playing a clean game was enhanced because among several hundred bodies with claims to be the people of I., two in particular put themselves forward as the only ones really entitled to play the game at all. With the Connection rapidly severing itself and the two rival peoples of I. disputing with increasing hotness among themselves who should have the pleasure of playing at severing what vestiges remain of it, it seems that we shall have to record the history of I. as the one lamentable failure in the annals of the game.

We hope enough has been said to illustrate the basic principles of the game. A word of warning should be given: there are signs that British Connections may be in short supply in the near future, and nations intending to participate should therefore obtain one as soon as they can. Above all, they should lose no time in obtaining promises of financial support from the people of B., or they might find themselves in the unprecedented position of both Acquiring and Severing a British Connection at their own expense.



"What's that datted dog dug up this time?"

### "Should Auld Acquaintance . . . ?"

FANCY you knowin' old Bill Barley—I 'aven't seen 'im since I don't know when; Him an' me made a voyage or two together—nine years ago, was it, or ten? Terrible argymentative sort of a bloke Bill was; 'e'd quarrel with his own toenails; If he was adrift in the Atlantic Ocean 'e'd raise a row with the sharks and whales. Last time him and me met it was in this here bar; We was havin' a pint and a yarn same as what you an' me are, And Bill up and started something, I don't just remember how, Anyway, before you could say knife we was having a first-class row, And they took and chucked us outside for to finish our chat, And I shoved Bill through a plate-glass winder, and that was the end o' that. . . . But taking Bill all round he wasn't a bad sort of a chap. Not a bad old scout, wasn't Bill, if he hadn't been so fond of a scrap, So if you run across him anywhere you might say "How do" for me and shake, And tell him I'd like to see his ugly dial again, just for old time's sake. . . .

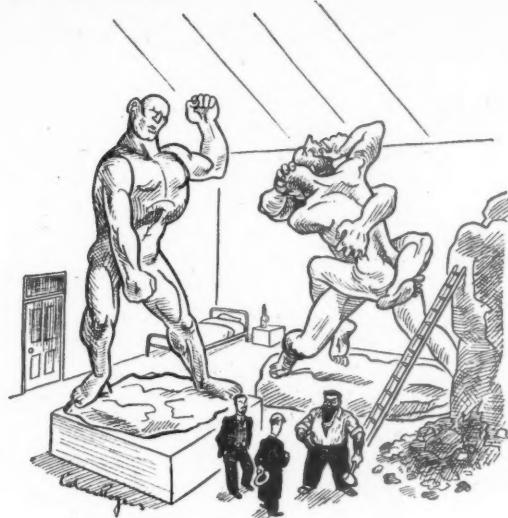
C. F. S.

### Classics

NOT long ago I wrote a bit about famous books; not much, but enough to warn you that I might return to this compelling subject at length. I shall begin by pointing out an interesting by-product of the present-day shortage of classics; the annoyance a copy of *Barchester Towers* can produce in book-buyers who have a copy of *Barchester Towers* already and realize that if they were not so handicapped they would be as pleased to see this copy as, for the moment, they were anyway. Another by-product is the conversation between disappointed inquirer and bookshop assistant; the one intellectually rueful, the other an apologetic kindred-spirit with an eye on the other customers. This sort of conversation, like brass-band music, can take a long time ending, but there is no doubt that the inquirers get a certain amount of satisfaction from having shown the assistant the sort of person they are. Also we must remember that a lot of these inquiries are not meant to be taken too literally, being handed in on arrival like tickets.

In their original form classics, if written long enough ago, consist of brown leather covers rubbed scruffy at the corners and thick, dry, almost toasted paper printed with many capitals and italics. They live in bookshop windows, to frighten the humble away, or in museums, where their glass cases give the effect of an aquarium without its impression of darting life. Books in glass cases are always left open, either at the title-page or at random; by random I mean that whoever had to decide which page was better than any other probably got fussed and slapped the thing down any old how. About the only other mode of life available to famous first editions is to get put up for auction, occasioning huge sums of money and filling ordinary people who read about them with either the dimmest of emotions or no emotion at all. This is not apathy but a tribute to the other-world quality of auction-rooms. Naturally enough, ordinary people do not come by first editions of old classics, but this does not stop keen types from thinking that every old brown, rubbed, toasted book in the one-and-ninepenny trough is either a mistake or presumably not worth even that.

A CLASSIC in its usual, or modern, form has a definite set of characteristics. If it was printed in 1880 it gives the impression of having been written then as well; this is because its purple cover and curly gold letters overshadow its contents, which nevertheless turn out to be quite accurate, if a bit depressing for the first page or so. Psychologists can't decide why books of this era look so miserable, but say it may be that we used to read that sort of book on a wet Sunday when we were too young to understand that wet Sundays exist only for as long as they go on for; or it may be the tall, underfed print, the full stops after the chapter-headings and that dismal smell of old books which cannot be compared with anything else because anything else is always compared with it. However, as I said, people who plod through the first few pages will get over this melancholy stage and may even find a sprig of pressed maidenhair fern—a plant, naturalists say, splendidly adapted for their purpose. People finding pressed maidenhair fern in Victorian books act just as you would expect. They put it aside to show the others and forget about it, and someone else throws it away, so that there is no fuss or inconvenience whatever. Modern versions of famous books are usually quiet and unassuming, by which I mean they assume they will be read anyhow.



"I suppose you are the type that thinks artists are effeminate."

and do not find it necessary to start every chapter on a new page.

The average classic is 378 pages long and ends with a list of fellow-classics, except when anyone wants to refer to such a list, when that particular book will be found to be one of the ones without it. It has fairly close print, being mindful of the task before it, and, like any other book, can fade indefinitely without being noticed until you take it out of the bookcase and see from the front what colour it should be. Many people carry what are technically called pocket editions of classics in their brief-cases; they make that much difference to the space but are very useful to queueurs, who just have time to get them out and click the case up again (traditionally done by ramming the case against the right knee and wobbling about on the left knee) before they are shuffled into by the people behind.

NOW I think I shall say something about the classics in particular, starting, as is only right, with Dickens. The public is divided not into those who like Dickens and those who don't, but into those who read all his books ages ago and those who haven't read any yet but are always meaning to. No one knows what a Dickens non-reader thinks of a Dickens reader—when they meet, the non-reader goes under—but the reactions of Dickens readers to their unenlightened friends are renowned, for here is an unparalleled chance of telling people what they have missed, the point about Dickens being that he wrote a great many books, each, to the enthusiast who thinks long enough, the best: so that enthusiasts have a wonderful time advising the hopeful starter to begin with the lot. When two Dickens readers get together they have a wonderful time too, but are apt to discover they don't remember each character of each separate book as well as they imagined, and to make up for it with a general blur of approval. The relation of the works of Dickens to the works of Thackeray is well known but worth comment. To the average public's mind Thackeray is the opposite of Dickens. Psychologists say it is the most obstinate example they know of the Oxford *v.* Cambridge way of

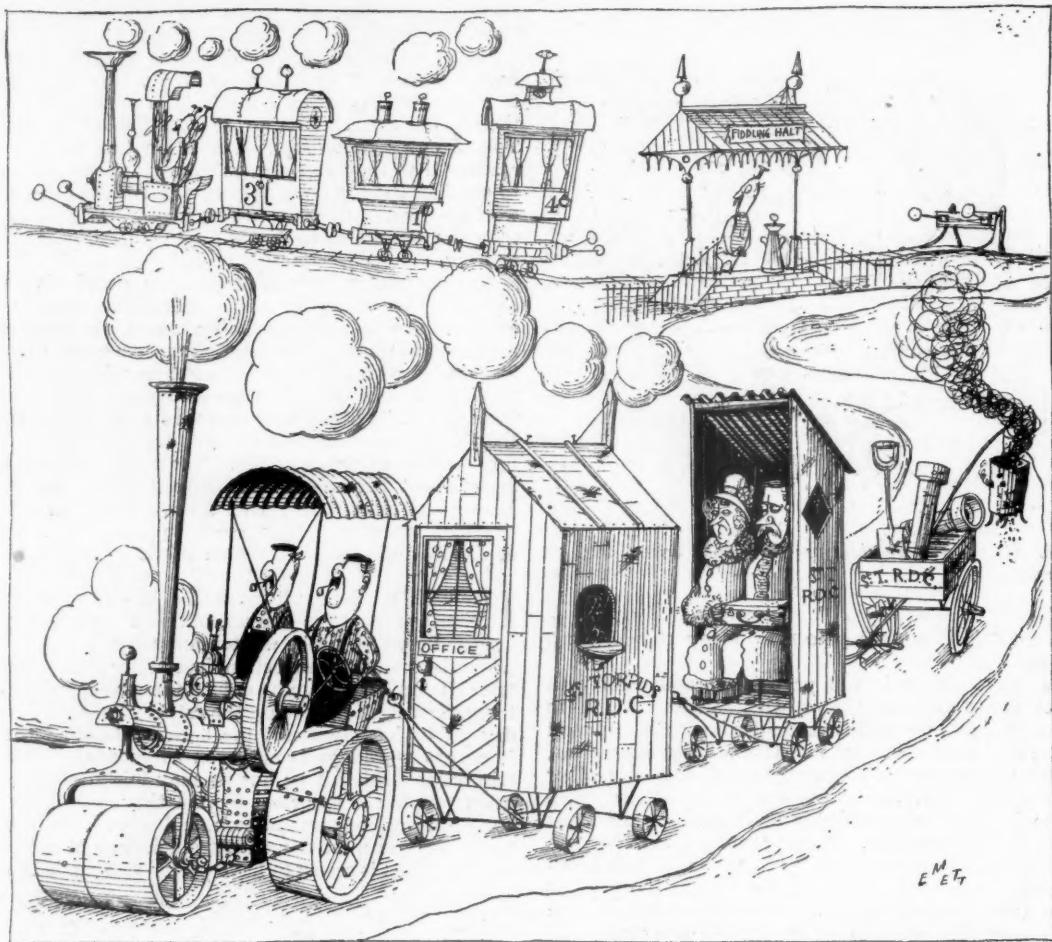
thinking, but that the Keats and Shelley set-up runs it close.

Most novelists of the pocket classic category have a top book. Thackeray's top book is *Vanity Fair*, Jane Austen's is *Pride and Prejudice*, Kingsley's is *Westward Ho!* and the top book of whoever wrote *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. I mention this to remind my readers that they can always impress people by refusing to consider the top book as good as another of the author's works, except in the case of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, when they will be just as impressive if they assert that there is another.

An alternative way of impressing people is to have read all the works of some undeniably good old-time author; but they must remember that this accomplishment may suggest no more than that they once spent a long time in a house with nothing else. People who have actually studied English Literature are also very slightly suspect; there is a feeling that they cheated by thus using the time they might have spent on something that does not come up so often in ordinary life. These are the people who know about Beowulf and have read the whole of "The Excursion" and whose books have footnotes and little pencilled comments that seem to have been someone else's ideas of what they should think.

I HAVEN'T left myself space to deal with more than one other aspect of the classics, but that is no less than the process by which books written nowadays become classics. (Nowadays, in this connection, had better count as roughly after 1900.) I can only define the process that makes temporary classics, because the rather bludgeoned present-day public has always at the back of its mind the timid idea that nowadays is not even as good at literature as critics don't think it is; but we may fairly safely say that when people are surprised to find they were born before a well-known book was written, and when it is out of print with every prospect though not much hope of not being so one day, then it seems to have pretty well made the grade.





*"Granted the trains are slower than they were, and granted they use what rolling stock they can get, I STILL think we're in the wrong train."*

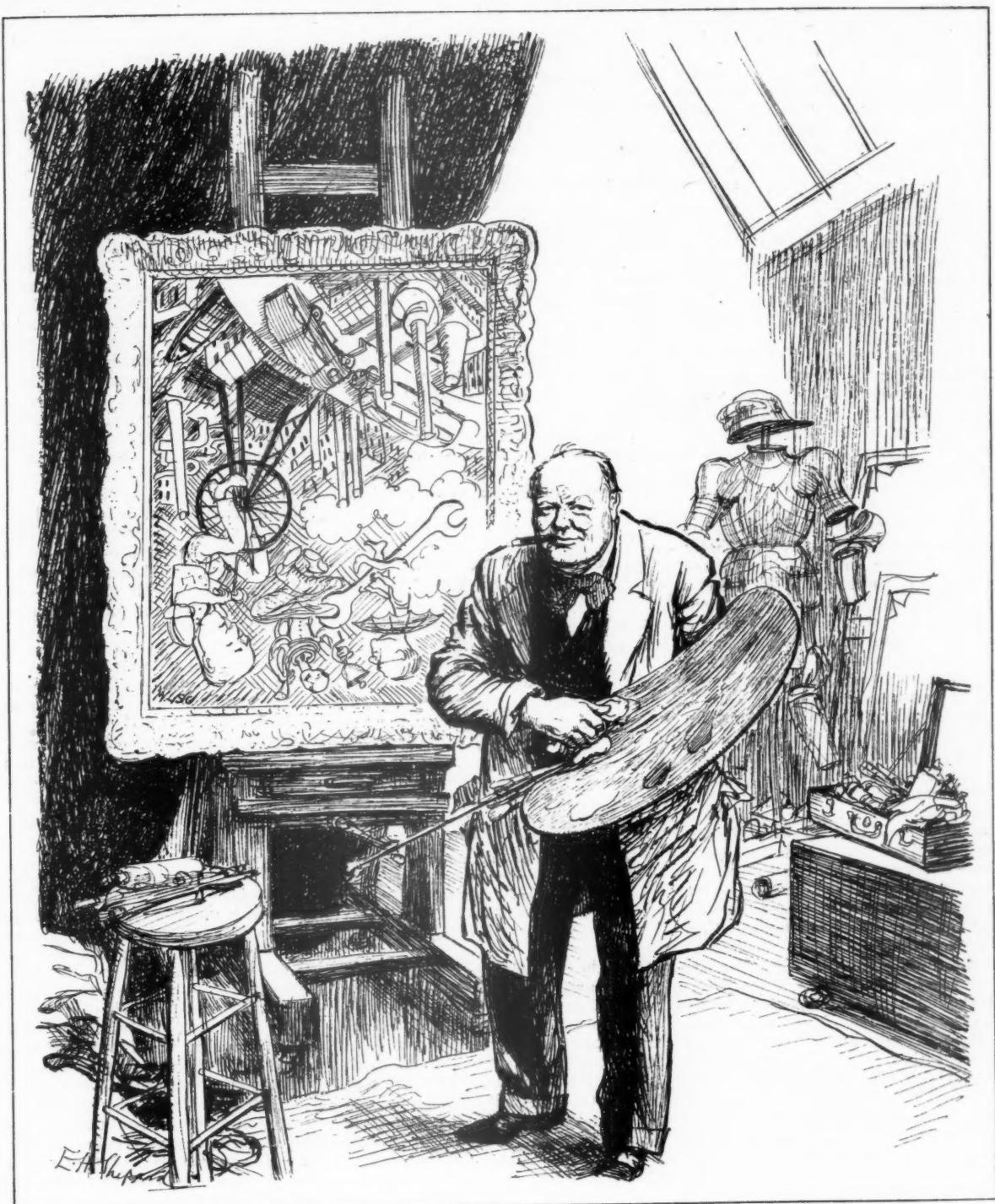
### The Scoutmaster

WITH us ther was a Scoutere, soth to seye,  
That had a staff to helpe him by the weye:  
He nolde nat sitte on hors, ne faire ride,  
But in god pas he walked us bi-side,  
He recked nat for hill, ne streme, ne dounie.  
I seigh his hat al pinched atte croune,  
And eek his wogle,<sup>1</sup> and his kerchef grene;  
Of worthy toknes had he wonne eight-tene,  
That spradde wide up-on his arme and brest.  
In wodecrafte was full muche his lest:  
He coude singe as it were any fowle,  
Or clukken lude, or hooten lyk an owle,  
Or "Peewit" crye, or cawen lyk a crowe.  
Ther nas no trail that nas to him un-knowe  
Of man and beste and bridde and fishe and wyrme.  
His lawe coude he seye, and wel affyrme

Whan that he held on lofte his fingers  
thre.  
At Kibblestane and Gilwel had he be,  
And ever honoured for his worthiness.  
Of cokes was he maister, as I gesse;  
Whan that with twiggen he had mad a fyre  
He wolde roasten as hem lest desire,  
Or porage make, or frye, or stewe, or bake,  
And alderbest he mad a plumme cake.  
If that a felaw had a prime-stove,<sup>2</sup>  
"Away!" he cryde, "begone! for Goddes  
love."  
Of broune were his shortes to the kne,  
And eek his hosen tyd ful fetisly.  
In making knottes nas him non bi-fore:  
His name was John: in soth, I noot namore.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning doubtful. Probably an ornamental clasp for the scarf or "kerchef."

<sup>2</sup> The only occurrence of this word in mediæval literature. Probably "a primitive vessel stuffed ('stove') with fat or oil."



### LEONARDO DA WINSTON

"This is the one I didn't send in."

**MONDAY, April 28th.**—Government Whips, in their rare moments of leisure, like to talk about an M.P. who, told that there was a three-line Whip out demanding his attendance at an important debate replied: "I'd rather go to the pictures!"—and did.

Anyone faced with that always difficult choice to-day could have salved his conscience by attending the debate, and have had his pleasure by savouring the distinctly Hollywoodian atmosphere which prevailed. The business was the Report stage of the Transport Bill, but nobody would have guessed it.

There was lots of talk about the "guillotine" and "plots to wreck" the measure. It was not difficult to conjure up a vision of desperate gangs of Tories, armed to the teeth and heavily masked, dragging huge logs and boulders on to the track just as the Governmental train, bells jangling, hurtled along.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, whose normal rôle is benevolent and fatherly Acting Leader of the House, was badly mis-cast as leader of the sheriff's posse, but he put on a tough expression, stuck out his jaw, rammed his jingling spurs into the flanks of his horse, St. Stephen, and set off to defeat this dastardly plot. Nothing but the exciting music was missing.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN (another piece of bad casting, for nobody looks less like a desperado than he) was leader of the Tory Gang, and had to drag the rocks and logs—thinly disguised as amendments to the Bill—about with the able assistance of Mr. OLIVER POOLE and others. There were some three hundred of them—all designed, as an enthusiastic Back-bench Member of the posse put it, to wreck the Bill. But Gangster EDEN pointed out that the Governmental posse itself had thoughtfully provided rather more than two hundred of the obstructions, in the form of Government amendments.

Unimpressed, Sheriff GREENWOOD retorted that *they* were intended to help, not hinder, the passing of the Train. That seemed to be the end of that, when suddenly there was a fade-out, and the same cast appeared in a costume piece in which the Guillotine, the Tumbril, Time-Limits, and all the usual stuff attaching to those romantic "props" figured largely.

Robespierre GREENWOOD listened to the plea of Aristocrat ANTHONY EDEN for more time before the guillotine fell.

Turning down the corners of his

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done:

**Monday, April 28th.**—House of Commons: "To the Guillotine!"

**Tuesday, April 29th.**—House of Commons: Any More for the Tumbril?

**Wednesday, April 30th.**—House of Commons: Journey's End.

**Thursday, May 1st.**—Maypoles and Things.

mouth, the Leader of the Terror folded his arms and gazed stonily before him.

From the ranks of the Tory Aristocrats there arose cries of "Answer, answer!" Still silence from the implacable one. As all film-fans know, anachronisms will creep in, and the assembled guillotinees (as Whitehall would doubtless call them) changed their cries to: "Fascists!" and "Dictators!"

Whereupon Mr. Robespierre—Mr. GREENWOOD rose and announced that the guillotine would fall at 9.30 on Wednesday night, come what might.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

3.—SIR D. MAXWELL-FYFE  
(Liverpool, West Derby)

It was the decision of the Majority, he proclaimed, and that could not be gainsaid or altered.

Aristocrat POOLE boldly pointed out that it could not hurt the Government if the condemned were allowed to sit up all night to-night and to-morrow, so long as the knife fell at the appointed hour on Wednesday. But the reply was that two hours' extra time would be allowed to-night, and some extension to-morrow. But . . . the Guillotine . . . would fall . . . at 9.30 . . . on Wednesday. Slow fade.

Smiling bravely, the Aristocrats submitted, and launched into the debate. The ensuing screen epic, colossal, stupendous, earth-shaking,

etc., etc., as it was, seemed a trifle mixed in plot. From time to time Robespierre, in period dress, appeared to be leading a sheriff's posse complete with fiery mustangs, portable gibbets and all. At others, the sheriff was whirling his victims towards the guillotine with great speed and determination.

There was soft, slow music as Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE, pausing dramatically on the very steps of the fatal platform, made a moving Cartonish plea for reprieve for the railway shareholders, or for the owners of lorries. But Executioner ALFRED BARNES (better known in the name part of the "Minister of Transport") just shook his head, turned down the corners of his mouth and signalled to Terrorist WILLIAM WHITELEY (who normally takes the part of the Government Chief Whip) to pull the lever which operated the well-oiled closure.

So it went on, for hour after hour. As fast as the Aristocrats got their mountains of logs and rocks in place, along came the Council of Public Safety, complete with guillotine—and a few six-shooters for good measure—and disposed of the obstruction and the obstructionists. Meanwhile, the train continued its way.

As the guillotine had been applied pretty ruthlessly in Committee, some thirty-seven clauses and seven schedules of the Bill were passed without a word of commendation or condemnation. This, said the critics, was not good enough. But Sheriff Robespierre GREENWOOD merely folded his arms and smiled.

**TUESDAY, April 29th.**—Mr. ANTHONY EDEN was swift off the mark with another protest about the Government's guillotine. He explained that, in every century, guillotinees had shown the same dislike of being guillotined, and doubtless this human peculiarity would persist.

Mr. GREENWOOD (who had that other Terrorist, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Leader of the House, by his side, still blushing from the all-party ovation he had received on his return from severe illness) pointed out that, to-day, the Government was going to give four hours extra time, instead of two. Mr. EDEN replied that this made the approaching execution scarcely less welcome, but Mr. GREENWOOD, folding his arms once more, was not to be moved.

So, until two in the morning, the prisoners resisted their trip to the



*"And now, for my next trick, will some gentleman kindly lend me his hour glass?"*

guillotine, the captors as relentlessly pressed them forward to their doom. It was all extremely cheerful, if the truth be told. Surely no one ever declaimed the "It is a far, far better thing" piece so movingly as Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT, who added that the time would come when the pullers of guillotine levers would regret their actions.

It seemed to your scribe that even some of the "howling mob" who cheered on the executioners were a trifle uneasy about a situation which led to great parts of a major Bill being passed without a single word of discussion. Perhaps—like some of their predecessors in Paris long ago—they saw in the macabre proceedings a dangerous precedent. Anyway, both sides of the House are looking forward (from their different angles) to the grand climax to-morrow night.

Even at the risk of breaking the continuity of this serial thriller, your scribe must record these two gems from to-day's Question-time:

"I have a suspicion that most deserters don't *want* to return."—Mr. Fred Bellenger, War Minister.

"Excessive smoking causes slackness and inefficiency among the staffs of

Government Departments."—Mr. C. Shawcross.

**WEDNESDAY, April 30th.**—Just to give a touch of "realism" and local colour, Brigadier MACKESON presented a petition for reprieve. Or, rather, it asked for the death of the Transport Bill. A hefty messenger staggered in with a couple of parcels containing the signatures, deposited them on the floor, then picked them up again and took them off to—where good petitions go.

After which the House resumed its collective resistance to being decapitated. The resistance went on, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, until the appointed hour of 9.30. Then, with a *ping!* the fatal blade descended, cutting off Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE's peroration.

It had been arranged—officially—that there should be only a few divisions, on "token" lines. But some of the Conservative back-benchers, led by Sir ALAN HERBERT, took a different view, and division after division was challenged, until the House had entered the Lobbies seventeen times, the last being just before 1 A.M. on May 1st.

The Conservative Whips, who took no part in the divisions, seemed at least as sad about the "revolt" as they were about the executions. As for Mr. Speaker, he made the longest speech the House had ever heard from him—reading out about ninety Government amendments to the Bill.

As division followed division a note of pleading crept into Mr. Speaker's voice as he announced that he "thought the 'Ayes' had it," and (the House can never resist him in that vein) the challenges gradually died away.

Singing "The Red Flag"—since May Day had now dawned—the Governmental mob went home. And so, sleepily, did we all.

**THURSDAY, May 1st.**—Coal, shortage, housewives, for the use of, was the subject of to-day's debate. A lot of people wanted a lot of questions answered, but only a little information was forthcoming. In fact the debate was not hot enough to make any difference to the extremely frigid spring atmosphere. But Mr. ROB HUDSON supplied a few fireworks which brightened the proceedings quite a lot.

## Palmy Days

### Rosy Spectacle

ONE bleak night in the faraway dismal wastes of East Anglia there sat in a warlike regimental office supposed to be doing late duty clerk a shabby, khaki-clad old figure peacefully doodling down on the back of an Army Form C 2136 this most unwarlike list of his best-loved plays and pieces.

Having started off with the dear old *Gay Matilda* as number one piece and first favourite, he fell to pondering on past, present and future and on this and that until he sunk from feeling drab and lonely into a state of downright morbidity sufficient to cause him in very desperation to turn on and tune in this welfare wireless set.

That second, who should come into this office also on his ownsome but the Old Man himself, in a pair of carpet slippers of all things, out to have —colonel-like—a quiet old pry around his chief clerk's cupboard and shelves in a search for anything at all winnoworthy in the shape of pen-nibs, rubber bands, new pieces of blotting paper or sticks of sealing-wax.

Upsprung from his seat on the stove this old clerk is shambling over to put a stop to the sudden braying of some wireless uncle or other from this welfare set when out of it come these words: "The *Gay Matilda*."

Spellbound by the magic title of this bygone piece this old piece-lover stands stranded and ossified midway betwixt stove and set.

Same second (renouncing two chinagraph pencils and a nice fresh bit of ink-eraser) this old colonel overs, sits himself down on the filing table and says "Good gracious me! 'The *Gay Matilda*.'"

And as true as there's eggs in China, *The Gay Matilda* it was:

*Many may talk about Gilda, or  
Vilda, or Hilda :  
They cannot compare with the  
wonderful, fair,  
The charming, disarming, adorable,  
rare,  
The pretty, the witty, the sweet  
debonair  
Gay—Princess—Matilda !*

Then far, far away, not only from that stretch of Sheringham, but away back down the years floated badged C.O. and humble clerk; C.O. back to his early prime, bang in the middle of Row A, Stalls, looking up, and clerk back to his teens, perched high among the gods looking down on the rosy spectacle of that Act One Villa. *Her*

villa. The villa, and in damson blossom time, of the one and only *Gay Princess Matilda*.

Truth to tell, anybody would have had a job to find on or around that villa the space to lay a sixpence without it touching some bunch or bit of this blossom of hers, whilst, twisting and twirling and springing about in between her fruit trees, all gaily singing and waving little baskets crammed full of further flora, was the round two dozen shapely shapes of her twenty-four Damson Blossom Girls.

*Damson blossom, damson blossom,  
damson blossom time,  
Under skies of blue.  
Damson blossom, damson blossom,  
damson blossom time,  
All my dreams come true.*

"Pretty thing," says the Old Man—"pretty thing." But the old clerk was in a rosy dream as, twined round the stove pipe, he lived once again those immortal moments when to a dazzle of lights and a roll of the drums, gay as a gay March hare and all in princess pink—with matching bag and sunshade—on came *She*. The one and only. The *Gay Princess Matilda*.

"Ever see it?" asks the Old Man, now advanced and sat half on an unused crate of gas-training pamphlets and half on top of this welfare set.

"My word, yes!" says this old clerk. "Twice, sir."

"Twice?" says the Old Man. "Why, bless me, I saw it twenty-six times!"

*Gay princess though I be, it  
somehow seems to me  
That love has pass'd me by :  
The little wingèd god has never  
stay'd to nod  
At me . . .*

Then—same as it did in palmer days to shining subaltern and inky office-boy—came the sweet, sad tune of her waltz:

*Love—love—love—under the skies  
above,  
Say—will—you—make all my  
dreams come true ?  
Come—come—come—come to me,  
Love—love—love ;  
Here I stand alone—claim me for  
your own,  
Love—love—love.*

Then, so as to give a bit of breathing-space to the under-plot, and on account of she'd been in her pink dress for best part of twenty minutes, off she used to

waft and leave the field clear for the Twenty-four Blossom Girls' Second Concerted, "Damsel, Damsel, when you pick a Damson," this tune being timed nicely to tide her over her change out of her princess pink into all princess blue things with matching bag and sunshade.

Then come a patch of spade-work, plot, or arid dialogue for this princess, which forced her to come on and read out a telegram to say how it was the desire of her Cabinet that she should marry the rich, unknown Count of Chicago, who, added this wire, would visit her that very day.

"But I'll never marry him. Never, never, never!" she then had to cry. "I'll mate for naught save love" (a saying which not only showed her sweet romantic nature but called for and got a welcome reprise for her waltz).

That over, her next job was to call to heel all small parts and Damson Girls and let them into a prank she'd just hatched out whereby she and Mimi (her maid) were going to dress up in one another's dresses and come back, thus disguised, to greet this visiting, unwanted count.

Then off indoors again she used to go—even though this blue outfit of hers hadn't had no more than about a ten-minute airing—together with her maid (this Mimi) on gay deception bent.

This wireless, which has all along been compressing this *Gay Matilda*, now squeezes her worse than ever as, skipping the double octette "Down Among the Damsons," two stretches of under-plot and "Confess, Princess!" here already is the dare-devil young Count of Chicago busy ensuring the second act by asking all within earshot to come next day to the Outside of the Doge's Palace for the Feast of the Gondolas, then briskly cueing the band and all Twenty-four Damson Girls for the Parasol Dance and his saucy opening number:

*Walking in the orchard with the  
Count of Chicago  
Pretty girls must mind their Ps  
and Qs,  
Talking in the orchard with the  
Count of Chicago  
Mrs. Grundy better take a snooze :  
For the very naughty, sporty Count  
of Chicago  
Doesn't like a damsel to refuse,  
And if he gives chase a pretty girl  
should quickly place  
An embargo on the Count of  
Chicago.*

And out now from Damson Villa come our gay deceivers: this Mimi, short and on the stout side, but looking more or less the Princess. Alongside of her though, gently and modestly edging to the fore, all got up in a spanking, brand-new set of maid's things and a sight therein to dazzle all eyes, was *her*—the one and only.

Down gets this Count on his down-stage knee and greets the false Princess.

Next second, looking up, he used to catch first sight of *her*—the real Matilda. Same second, raising her lovely blue lids, she caught first sight of him.

Both stood riveted: for these first sights were at first sight what this Princess had kept singing about in her waltz—Love.

Not now could even the combined ululations of false Princess, small characters and all two dozen Damsons with augmented orchestra drown or equal the volume of sound coming out of these two young lovers as her sad solo waltz, marching with the plot, turned itself in its third reprise into the smashing love duet of that never-to-be-forgotten Act One Finale:

*You—you—you—have come to me,  
Love—love—love,  
Nevermore alone—my true lover's  
own,  
Love—love—love!*

"My word!" says this old clerk. "Pretty thing," says this old C.O. "Time," says the uncle out of the wireless, "is very nearly up. We have—ah—five and three-quarter minutes left, so I—ah—propose to play for you a—"

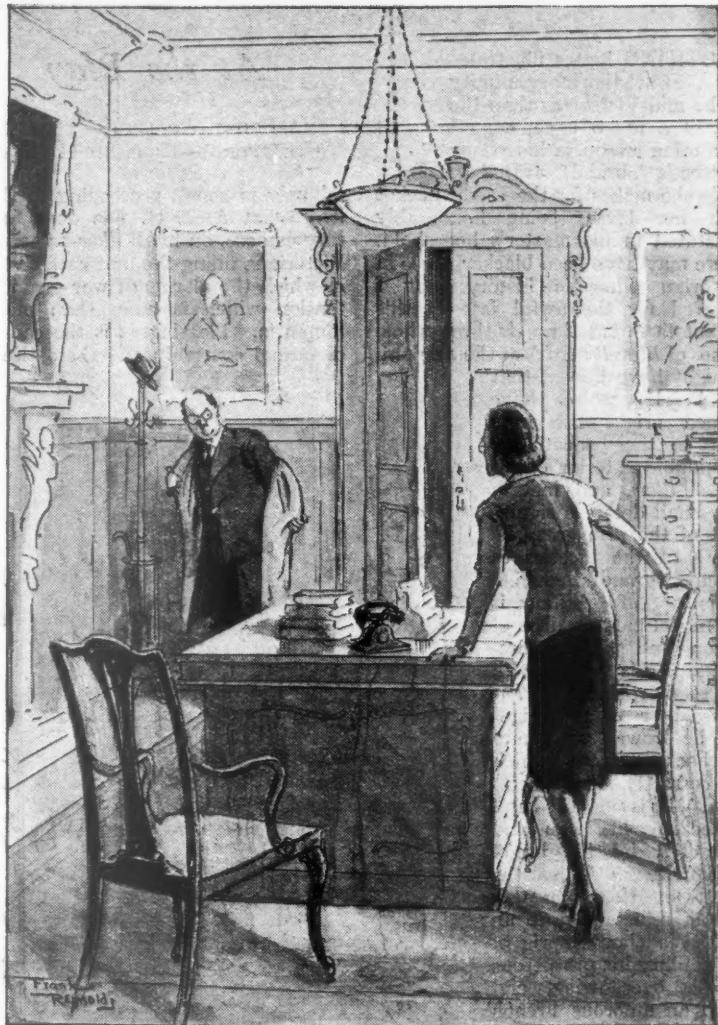
"What's all this?" shouts the Old Man, sliding down off the stove as irate as if he'd seen a pair of suede shoes on a subaltern.

"What!" cries this old clerk, for all the world like some living, inky old Chad—"no Doge's Palace nor no Act Three, Her Chateau near Paris?"

"—of the original artist herself," goes on this uncle, "singing the once famous waltz. The—ah—record is—ah—somewhat—ah—worn, but may interest some of our—ah—older listeners as a—ah—museum piece."

Well, here was two old museum pieces interested anyway. And no mistake. Bent nearly double they was, the pair of them, the highly badged and the lowly, over this set.

Then through the grating crackle of that old record, back out of the rosy past to these two hushed old souls in that dreary dark old office came in faded, gentle tones the sweet, sad



*"Your wife telephoned while you were out, Mr. Edmondson. She said not to worry—she's managed to get a cabbage."*

singing of *her*—the one-time one and only—the bygone Gay Princess:

*Gay princess though I be, it somehow seems to me  
That Love has pass'd me by . . .*

And the surprise of this old clerk at the sudden, snapped out "What goes on here?" from the newly income Adjutant, together with a lusty, tuneful "Love, love, love," from the Old Man, was nothing to the surprise of the Adjutant.

"Brrrum . . . Yes," says the caught old Colonel, headed for the door. "Yes. Pretty thing . . . The waltz, you know . . . 'The Gay Matilda.'"

"Quite," says the Adjutant, following him out, "'Waltzing Matilda.'"

### Garden Interlude

THE kitten known as Nicolas decides on the auriculas.

With unction faintly risible and furrowings meticulous  
and aspect impersuasible  
he hopes himself invisible  
but he is just ridiculous.

• •

"WANTED. Gardener Handyman: able to drive an asset."—*Advt. in Northants. paper.*  
Would this be a small donkey?

NOTHING better illustrates the Christian magnanimity of the mid-Victorians than the fact of a negro page, caught shamming swoon in his young mistress's bridal trappings while she makes for the Dover packet with her lover, being honourably reinstated in his master's household. There may have been blacker pages in Victorian domestic history, but I shivered for the awful fate of this gallant little lad through three whole scenes of *Bless the Bride* at the Adelphi. I might have known that A. P. H. would have gauged aright the kind heart beating beneath the formidable exterior of his *Mr. Willow*, and indeed, this small detail is significant of the firm grasp he shows of the niceties of our great-grandfathers' behaviour. *Mr. Willow* is the model paterfamilias of fiction and the picture-books. He is swollen with the stern rhetoric of *The Times*, he roars at foreigners, he frowns on games of chance (among which he correctly lists lawn-tennis), he is smoothed and patted by his wife and venerated by his brood of daughters. When the eldest of these engages herself, reluctantly, to an early Wodehouse sprig of the nobility his prosperous cup is overflowing, and when an amorous French actor whisks her across the Channel on her wedding-day what can this outraged father do but unsheathe his telescope and lead a family expedition to her rescue? But this is 1870. No sooner has the radiant *Lucy* been run to earth, dining with her ravisher in a café which must have boasted any number of commendatory spoons and forks in the *Guide Michelin* of the day, than war breaks out. *Pierre* goes off to knock hell out of the Prussians and to be reported shortly afterwards as killed, while *Lucy* comes home to mourn and to re-engage herself, more reluctantly than ever, to the steadfast *Mr. Trout*. Persuaded for a moment against our better judgment that tears are after all to be the end, we are surprised by *Pierre*, wounded but still ardent, and by *Mr. Trout*, who has long burned for a chance to show himself large-minded (an aspiration he expresses

## At the Play

BLESS THE BRIDE (ADELPHI)—TWELFTH NIGHT (STRATFORD)—RICHARD II (NEW)

tellingly in song), proceeding to show it. What A. P. H. has done is to superimpose, on his *Willow*-pattern of Victoriana filling the first half, a story in which the alarms of war provide a tension which is more than merely romantic. Pleasing as is the comedy of formal courtship and the satire on



[*Bless the Bride*]

### NO SIGN OF LUCY ANYWHERE

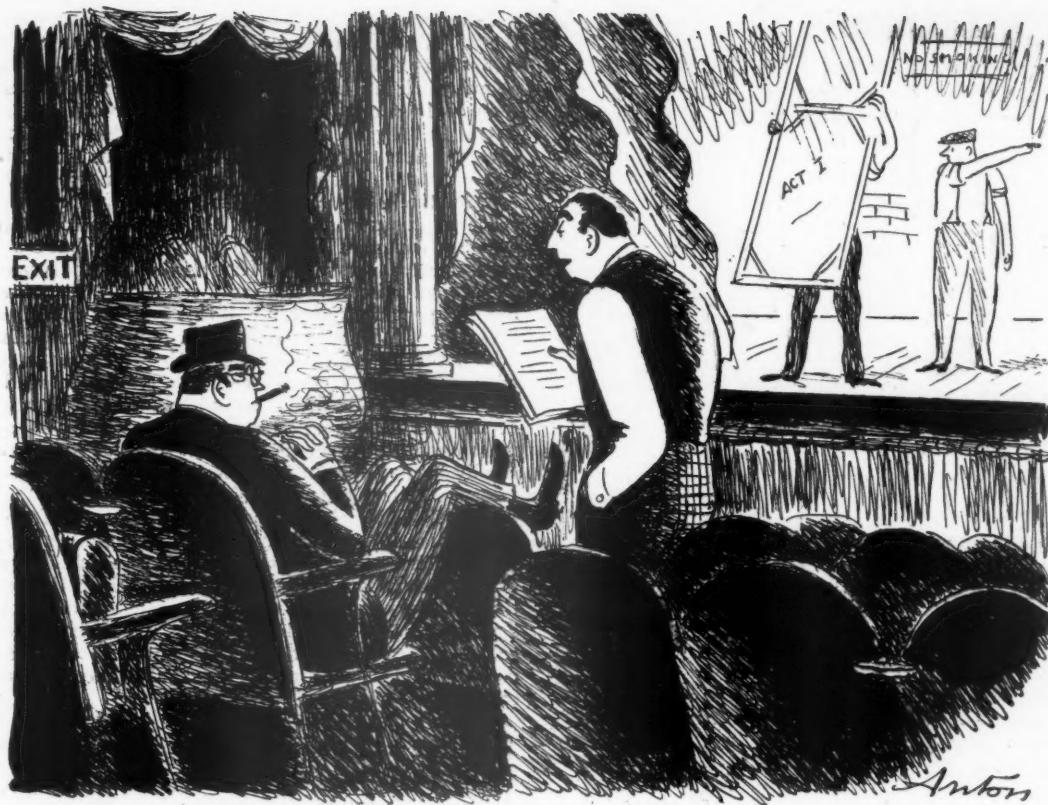
Cousin George . . . . .	MR. STEWART VARTAN
Augustus Willow . . . . .	MR. ERIC FORT
Lucy Veracity Willow . . . . .	MISS LIZBETH WEBB
Pierre Fontaine . . . . .	M. GEORGES GUÉTARY

the Victorian family, it is on the other side of the Channel that the piece finds its real strength. Here something of the genuine spirit of France is captured in a moment of crisis. The long scene in the café is beautifully staged and most cunningly managed. The caricature of the English ordering dinner is still accurate, the little vignette of the lovers in their corner, celebrating with a good-looking bottle in a basket, touchingly simple; and as for the French themselves, the way in which serious eating gives way to patriotic frenzy is admirable. Miss WENDY TOYE, aided no doubt by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN'S watchful eye, has brought

all this to life with many charming effects, and if at times Miss TANYA MOISEIWITSCH shows a liking for harsh colours she has at others seized on the best of the period, as in *Lucy's* beautiful black-and-white dress, to demonstrate its pictorial possibilities. A. P. H.'s lyrics, to which Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS has bent some very singable tunes, have a wit and metrical variety refreshing to ears sickened by the glucose stuff spooned nightly into microphones, both on the stage and in the studio. Champion heart-stimulants seem to be "This Is My Lovely Day" and "Ma Belle Marguerite," the funniest songs "The Englishman" and "My Big Moment."

All those who are called on to sing can really do so, a thing I am not often able to report. Miss LIZBETH WEBB's virtuous, yielding *Lucy* would grace any nineteenth-century novel of polite abduction, and M. GEORGES GUÉTARY, who has all the dash and valour for the job, is obviously one of our worthwhile imports. Poor *Mr. Trout*, who swings somewhat unaccountably between bold and shy, is played with sound comic judgment by Mr. BRIAN REECE. As for the parent *Willows*, they owe much to Mr. ERIC FORT and Miss EDNA CLEMENT. I liked Miss ANONA WINN as the *Nannie*, but it seemed to me she should have looked at least twenty years older and have had the grey hairs inseparable from the custody of the young. I also liked, very much, Miss BETTY PAUL as the French girl who loves *Pierre*. A small authentic Gallic dynamo.

At Stratford, SHAKESPEARE's birthday having passed wetly, Mr. WALTER HUDD led in two winners with his production of *Twelfth Night* and with his own brilliant performance as *Malvolio*. The first has vitality, balance, good décor and much humour; the second is the kind of acting which sticks without effort in the memory. *Malvolio*, you will remember, is a grave ass made a fool of. It is one thing to bring out the comedy of his undoing, it is quite another for the



"Then the lights go down and the scene changes to nineteen-forty-seven—the lights remain down."

punctured wretch to win our sympathy and even our respect in his final scene of protest. But Mr. HUDD does both. Some elder statesmen of criticism have affirmed that it was no part of W. S.'s intention to mock the Puritans, but this is clearly not Mr. HUDD's view, nor is it mine. His *Malvolio* is very nearly a Barebones, his gait is a complete tract in itself. There are many good bits of business, from the large white duck which falls to *Sir Toby's* musket to the umbrella furiously unfurled by the *Duenna* against his liquorish advances. *Malvolio* drills the little demi-nuns or whatever they are of *Olivia's* household with a sharp pounding of his cane on the floor, and when it comes to the rehearsal of his new gallantry, with the smiles and the nonsense about the cross-garters and the presentation of the posy, well, he makes us powerfully to laugh. I thought Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN's *Viola* better than her *Nurse* in *Romeo*. She is still not quite at home with SHAKESPEARE's rhythms, but the vigour of this part suits her and there is a useful resemblance between her

*Viola* and Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE's *Sebastian*. This also showed improvement, and so did Miss DAPHNE SLATER's *Olivia*, which makes up something in freshness for what it lacks in depth. Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD is undiminished as *Sir Andrew*, delightfully stilted and yet unburlesqued, Mr. DUDLEY JONES adds a good voice to his comic talents, as the *Clown*, Miss HELEN BURNS puts in a lot of sound work as *Maria* and Mr. JOHN BLATCHLEY's *Sir Toby* is, as it should be, both windy and avuncular. Miss RIETTE STURGE MOORE did the décor, which is original without being arty, and TRUDE and OTTO HUTTENBACH provided lively incidental music.

At the New, Mr. ALEC GUINNESS's *Richard II* never fails to be interesting and should add to his rapidly rising reputation. At the same time it is rather a clever adaptation to his physical capabilities than a great or full performance of the part. His *Richard* would be a feast for a psychiatrist. He is at every point intelligent, but with the curved and brittle

intelligence of the egocentric. Whereas *Richard* can, and generally has been, shown as a degenerate at times fully conscious of his larger duty as a king sprung from kings, this *Richard* is a hard intellectual, sensitive only to himself. Mr. GUINNESS may be said to bring off this version, only without much emotional effect. He speaks Shakespeare beautifully and with complete understanding. Sir RALPH RICHARDSON's direction has made everyone speak well. He himself plays *Gaunt* with unobtrusive clarity and delivers *Gaunt's* dying speech superbly. Sir LEWIS CASSON is a sound, surly *York*, Mr. HARRY ANDREWS' forceful *Bolingbroke* is in good contrast to *Richard*, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN makes *Northumberland* the dignified cad that he undoubtedly was, and Mr. PETER COBLEY, though his voice seems uncertainly geared, plays *Mowbray* bravely. Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON's *Queen* has a fine, melancholy elegance, but the scene with the gardeners passes too lightly. Pageantry and music (this is by Mr. HERBERT MENGES) are used with skill. ERIC.



*"And whatever the Ministry does about reducing staff, Phillimore, please don't think it implies any criticism of your work."*

### Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Fountain-Head of Legends

THE growth of a great tradition will be fostered by the nearly simultaneous appearance of two notable books of the war. One of them—*Normandy to the Baltic* (HUTCHINSON, 25/-)—from the authentic hand of the hero about whom lightning-shot fables are already thickening, is just such an abstract non-human treatise as Viscount MONTGOMERY or any other semi-divine warrior may reasonably produce without any descent from Olympus. It lays down in advance a chart for an enterprise then still in the future—the invasion of Europe in the face of Nazi opposition—and goes on to observe, apparently with complete detachment, the materialization of a series of foreseen developments unrolling themselves from Map 1 to Map 46 and from D-Day to D+90 with an accuracy as nearly perfect as a demi-god has any right to expect. The interest of the study for the writer would seem to go no further than a checking of the event against the plan, commendation of poor humanity almost never rising beyond phrases such as "good progress" or "firm retention of the initiative," blame being reserved solely for the weather, and enthusiasm being aroused only by Fuehrer Hitler's personal interventions during the battles of the Falaise Gap and the Ardennes counter-attack with intuitions that materially shortened the war. In all this presentation of technical complexity his Chief of Staff, Major-General Sir FRANCIS DE GUINGAND, shares to the full, with *Operation Victory* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-). He too is a highly accomplished soldier prepared to illustrate a campaign

with charts and diagrams and commentaries for study in the world's staff colleges for as long as the making of war retains any of its familiar aspects. Almost the only matter about which one may find in the Field-Marshal's narrative some real desire to get an impression across to his readers is the fighting around Caen, and here Sir FRANCIS, too, becomes emphatic. They would have us know that it always was the intention to attract maximum enemy forces to a relatively static eastern face of the Normandy bulge in order to give opportunity for the American break-through west and south. This was no after-thought, but a development according to plan. Here is chapter and verse twice over to prove it. One realizes of course that there is human fire and personality behind all this military parade, and of these Sir FRANCIS has to give in abundance. His story does not quite coincide with the other, for most of it deals with fighting in North Africa and there are detailed a few early incidents—including some lively times with upheavals at the War Office and an earthquake in Greece—that have no concern with his great chief, but its value consists almost wholly in his appreciation of Montgomery, and he is at his most fascinating when unveiling the secrets of the "Monty" methods. The Field-Marshal had all the tricks of the showman's trade at command and yet never was only a showman. The effective word was always backed by a genuine emotion, and with all his power of influencing others he combined the personal qualities of courage without self-consciousness, decisiveness like a breath of fresh air, and ability to condense gross bulk of detail to the proportions of a manageable problem, that go to mark the born leader of men and controller of events.

C. C. P.

#### Sir Richard Lodge

Miss MARGARET LODGE has written an excellent biography of her father, *Sir Richard Lodge* (BLACKWOOD, 18/-), who combined the man of affairs and the scholar in equal proportions, and was therefore less well known to the public than if he had devoted himself exclusively either to social and political work or to writing. His immense energy may have been inherited from his grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Lodge, who had sixteen children by his third marriage, one of them Sir Richard's father. The academic career of the youthful Richard was, except for one temporary set-back, triumphantly successful. He was appointed an examiner in the Honours School of Modern History at Oxford at an unprecedently early age, and at thirty-two was in a position to build a commodious house for himself and his family in North Oxford. Feeling after a time that he was getting into a rut, he moved to Glasgow, where he was Professor of History for five years. The change did not suit his family, who were passionately attached to Oxford. But when he moved on to Edinburgh, their nostalgia for Oxford faded in time, and before he left Edinburgh, twenty-five years later, he had become one of the institutions of the University. His labours during these years as a Liberal Imperialist, as a leading figure in the Charity Organisation Society and as an arbiter in trade disputes would have filled the lives of most men; but his epitaph on himself, uttered when he was nearly eighty, was "Perhaps I might have done more."

H. K.

#### Good News for the Blind.

It is not easy to get the psychological hang of *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose* (JOSEPH, 12/6) unless you realize the author's very American attitude towards his own identity. "My inmost dislike has always been for seeming different from the rest of my fellow men." This aversion, coupled

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with a more understandable objection to being "institutionalized" and a wholesome appetite for earning his own living his own way, are the mainstay of Mr. HECTOR CHEVIGNY's story of how he became blind: and how he made an outstanding success of what the world sees as a necessarily tragic condition. At forty, when he was a well-known broadcaster with a wife and family, the retinae of both his eyes became detached. Three operations failed. But six radio friends underwrote him for a year; and though he did not use their dollars, their confidence sustained him. He went to "Seeing Eye," where, as in Germany, dogs are trained to help the blind and the blind are trained to use their dogs. For him and his eighty-pound Boxer, "Wiz," even New York's traffic was thenceforth plain sailing. His vigorous and enterprising book does more than help to set the blind on their own feet. It should play an inspiring part in the social reintegration of other gravely handicapped people.

H. P. E.

#### P. P. Howe's Life of Hazlitt

This reprint of P. P. Howe's *Life of William Hazlitt* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-) has an introduction by Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON, who knew Howe from 1901 till his death in 1944. Howe, Mr. SWINNERTON narrates, decided to write on Hazlitt shortly before the first world-war, and for some years after its conclusion devoted all his spare time (he was in a publishing business) to editing Hazlitt's works and writing his biography. "P.P.," says Mr. SWINNERTON, "gave himself completely to Hazlitt. We heard about Hazlitt at every meal. At every meeting, brief or long, there was no topic we could speak of on which Hazlitt had not already said the wisest word or made the most amusing quip . . ." The biography which was the fruit of this enthusiasm has all the merits that prolonged labour can give to a work of scholarship. As a storehouse of the available facts about Hazlitt, and as an anthology of relevant quotations from the occasional writings of Hazlitt's contemporaries and Hazlitt himself, in short as a Hazlitt encyclopædia, it is most valuable. But though it contains Hazlitt, it also conceals him. Everything about Hazlitt is here, but if there had been much less there might have been much more. Hazlitt's wild enthusiasms and proportionately bitter disappointments are flattened out on the level plain over which the reader accompanies the author. There are no heights and depressions in the book; and at the close a reader not previously acquainted with Hazlitt would be puzzled to recollect the chief landmarks of the journey.

H. K.

#### A Second Helping

One is inclined to wonder why Mr. J. L. HODSON, with six volumes of war diary to his credit, has written a war novel. It is not as if he were concerned to give you any particular slant on warfare, beyond the usual "someone had blundered" of everyone's self-exculpatory reaction. His story is based on a north-country *English Family* (GOLLANZ, 12/6); and Catherine Talbot, old-fashioned wife of an old-fashioned master mariner, shoulders its main burden capably and attractively. If her husband's adventures in convoy, and her children's war service, had been allowed to play a more Damoclean part, with Catherine in the fish queue and Catherine at the stirrup-pump kept consistently in the limelight, the book might have had more distinction and more unity. As it is, we follow the sword too far afield. There are admirable portraits in the convoy group. Captain McIntyre of the Cheviot Line is a better companion-piece to Catherine than her husband William or her billeted suitor Oakroyd. But readers

yearning to recapture torpedoed merchantmen, burning aircraft and blitzed cities must be few and far between; and if none of their annalists exhibits more critical insight than obtains here, the next generation are not likely to lack their own material for similar essays in horror.

H. P. E.

#### Death in Petticoats

Mr. ELLERY QUEEN is an acknowledged professor in the field of detective fiction, where he is both a connoisseur and a noted executant, and more than passing interest attaches to his selection of the best short stories from British and American authors in which either the hunter or the hunted wears a skirt. He calls it *Ladies in Crime* (FABER, 9/6) and contributes an amusing preface and a pithy note to each item. Some go back a long way, as, for instance, "The Florentine Dante," in which Fergus Hume, who wrote *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, gave fresh impetus to the old Volpone plot; many are from current authors, such as Agatha Christie, represented by "Village Murder," in which Miss Marple unerringly spots the loser. Although it is not strictly detection, but rather an essay on the minute fluctuations of propriety under pressure, Mr. QUEEN includes Stacy Aumonier's brilliant description of a night spent by the sister of a dean under a dead Frenchman's bed, "Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty." On any count it is one of the great stories. Hulbert Footner's "The King of the Gigolos" is full of Riviera atmosphere but is in the end swamped by it. Frederic Kummer's "Diamond Cut Diamond" scarcely makes the grade. Much better is Paul Gallico's "Solo Job," very grim and tense, F. Tennyson Jesse's "Lot's Wife" and E. Phillips Oppenheim's urbane study, "The Undiscovered Murderer." In the main these ladies are shrewdly picked to flutter the heart, unsteel the nerves and generally to give you a good time.

E. O. D. K.

#### Reason and Unreason

In *The Comforts of Unreason* (KEGAN PAUL, 12/6) Mr. RUPERT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS "studies the motives behind irrational thought." Jowett said: "Logic is neither a science nor an art but a dodge," and a reader of this book may be inclined to feel that reason is a dodge to justify our acts and opinions. Some process of this kind is obviously responsible for the "Cloudcuckooland" atmosphere of modern ethics and politics. "When I use a word," said Humpty Dumpty, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less"; but men in search of reason are not so frank with themselves as Humpty Dumpty or they would not attain mental comfort. It is desirable that logic should be part of every school curriculum. A Hindu pundit of Balliol once said that "Barbara celarent" was the greatest production of Occidental philosophy. Certainly the mediæval schoolman argued with more precision than the modern journalist. But this teaching of logic would not satisfy Mr. CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS, because logic does not ensure complete certainty in practical problems (where our knowledge is only approximate) and a decision for action may often be required without sufficient time being allowed for adequate meditation. "We have no time to consider as carefully as we should like the judgment upon which we act." In the result it is more comfortable to believe that we acted reasonably and to invent additional reasons after the *fait accompli*. Our author has the advantage of a legal ancestry on one side and is a great-grandson of Huxley on the other. His bibliography shows a good selection of authorities, and his book is an efficient counterblast to many current fallacies.

E. S. P. H.



"... and now he's on the night-shift and dreams about me all day long."

## A Journalist Remembers.

### II

I HAD the good fortune, soon after I joined the staff of *The Plough*, to please Mr. McGargle, the editor, with an article entitled "The White Wyandotte in Sickness and in Health." He sent for me and, after a few encouraging words, invited me to dinner. "Your 'Wyandotte' had great power," he said, "and the climax with the heartbroken fowl staggering through the twilight to certain death moved me deeply, I must confess."

I was well aware that an invitation to one of Mr. McGargle's dinners, graced as they invariably were by the élite of the literary world, was no small compliment to a journalist as youthful and inexperienced as myself. Hitherto, however, I had lived very quietly in the depths of the country, and I could not help feeling that my contribution to the conversation in such a brilliant gathering would be small indeed. I ventured to suggest something of this to Mr. McGargle, but he made light of my misgivings and advised me to steep myself in Wilde and Johnson. "You might also," he

said, "commit to memory a few selections from the great poets. An awkward silence has no terrors for the man who can quote freely from Shakespeare."

I lost no time in carrying out Mr. McGargle's advice, but soon decided to limit my reading to Wilde, from whom I culled several witty epigrams. Johnson's style seemed rather adventurous for a young man, and I found that I was unable to retain many of Shakespeare's lines for more than a few minutes. It appeared to me that the constraint of the awkward silences Mr. McGargle had mentioned would not be lessened by an attempt that broke down half-way through. Imagining that the talk would be mainly of agriculture, I set to work to modify Wilde's epigrams, endeavouring to retain their crispness and sparkle while giving them a strong flavour of the soil. Thus "I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible," became "Pigs can eat anything, provided that it is quite uneatable." I dealt with the rest on similar lines.

I realized of course that it would be necessary to lead up to my bons mots by easy stages. Any other course would have meant constant vigilance while I strained my ears for the word, say, "pig," and the possibility of having eventually to shout my epigram the length of the table. For each witticism, therefore, I prepared appropriate introductory remarks, to be made in conversational tones to the person sitting next to me. The final phrase would be brought out with resonance, so as to command the attention of all. As I worked I remembered how Wilde had said of one of his characters: "He charmed his listeners out of themselves, and they followed his pipe laughing." That Mr. McGargle's guests should follow my pipe laughing seemed too much to expect, but I began to feel that I might well cause something of a sensation.

At last the day came for which I had prepared so anxiously, and with a fast-beating heart I found myself stammering a few words of greeting to Mrs. McGargle. She received me kindly and covered my gaucheries by a

gracious remark about the trend of fat-stock prices. Despite my confusion I noted with satisfaction that she wore in her corsage a few ears of barley, which seemed to confirm my conclusions as to the probable nature of the evening's conversation.

I was pleased to see among the guests Mrs. Leebey McQuhattie, my colleague on *The Plough*, whose provocative column, "Heard in the Cow-shed," was one of the most popular features of the paper. With a thrill I recognized her companion as Byron Trimble, leader writer for *Loam* and brilliant pamphleteer, a man who was burning himself out, it was said, in an unremitting frenzy of creative endeavour. "Frit-fly over Norfolk," "The Potato and I," "Salute to the Turnip!" "Among the Pigs"—savage and tender by turn, his works left the press in a never-ending stream, to be spelt out laboriously in the lamp-light of a thousand English farms.

Mr. Trimble asked me whether I did not think it a great honour to be working with Mrs. McQuhattie. I replied that I did, and feeling more at my ease, ventured further. "When a farmer," I said, "sees a prize short-horn in his field, his pride is no greater than that of Mr. McGargle in Mrs. McQuhattie." Mr. Trimble slapped me on the shoulder and cried "Bravo!" but Mrs. McQuhattie received my little tribute coolly enough.

At dinner I found myself between Mrs. McQuhattie and Lady Gripple, the witty gossip-writer of *Byre and Stall*. For the first few moments I sat in silence, turning over my epigrams in my mind. At last I felt confident enough to make a beginning. Lady Gripple was deep in conversation with Mr. Trimble, on her left, but I nudged her boldly in the ribs and asked her smoothly whether she were fond of bacon. To my dismay she gave me an angry look and turned once more to Mr. Trimble without making any reply. After tapping her on the arm once or twice with my fruit-knife, only to have my overtures ignored, I turned in desperation to Mrs. McQuhattie.

"Are you fond of Lamb, Mrs. McQuhattie?" I asked.

She appeared to be having some difficulty with her cutlet, and did not answer. Momentarily baffled, I watched sullenly as, breathing heavily, she bore strongly down upon it, the muscles standing out on her powerful forearms. Suddenly I lost all self-control. Clearing my throat with a noise which turned every head in my direction, I exclaimed loudly: "A pig can eat anything, provided that it is quite uneatable!"

To my stupefaction no ripple of laughter ran round the table. Instead, an ominous silence fell. As one in a dream I heard Mr. McGargle begin, "Double double, toil and trouble—er—toil and trouble—" only to stumble and stammer, and at last to sit speechless, looking helplessly around him.

It was left to Mrs. McGargle to break the tension, which she did by unobtrusively overturning a large épergne filled with fruit, and I regained my composure as we laughingly collected apples and oranges from all parts of the table. It was some time before I ventured to speak again, and although, before the evening was over, I had the satisfaction of making a few crisp remarks about the weather to Lady Gripple, I felt nevertheless that I had failed, and confessed as much later to Mr. McGargle.

"Never despair!" he said. "I well remember, as a youth in Auchtermuchty, being asked to address a meeting of weavers agitating for three-storey crofts, or something of the kind. Someone had given me a rather garbled account of Demosthenes' struggles to become an orator, and I mounted the platform with my mouth full of pebbles. As I faced my audience Jamesie Pitkiltie, the chairman, gave me an encouraging slap on the back, and I swallowed the lot. Yet I persevered, and so must you."

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#### "THE BARKING FISH EXHIBITION

To be held at  
Ripple School, Ripple Road  
(Car Park adjoining), Barking.  
Local advertisement.

Is aspirin available?



## That's What You Think.

ONE of the few papers which have steadfastly upheld the old tradition of making do without polls of public opinion—a tradition, let it be known, going back hundreds of years—this periodical now announces a change of policy. Henceforth, on every first Wednesday in any May smitten by industrial crisis, we hope to provide our readers with a thoroughly up-to-date survey of what Britain is thinking.

The reasons which prompt this revolutionary step are easily explained. First, we are anxious to check up scientifically on other polls, which we find abnormally interesting and provocative. Secondly, we want to be in the swim, as it were.

Our first poll, the results of which are printed here, was conducted on the usual lines by confronting a small but fairly representative sample of the population with a prepared list of questions. It may be of interest to statisticians to know that our sample was made up of the three longest surnames under each letter in the telephone directories of London, Manchester and Glasgow, Leeds, Birmingham and Norwich. The large proportion of voters who sent gifts of fruit, butter, cooking-fats, sugar and coal with their returns testifies, we believe, to the immense interest aroused by the venture.

The voting-paper reminded clients about the war and the General Election of 1945 when the Socialists were returned to fuel and power with 393 seats against the 247 of their opponents.

It contained simple directions on how to vote, how to spoil a voting-paper (an essential right under democracy), and how to qualify for one of our special prizes. The questions and answers were as follows:

1. Did you help to put the Socialists in office?

### RESULT

Yes	2 per cent.
No	1 per cent.
Don't know	5 per cent.
Don't care	3 per cent.
X X 2 1 X 1	89 per cent.

2. What do you consider to be Priority No. 1 in the Battle for Output?

### RESULT

Yes	73 per cent.
No	27 per cent.

3. Do you want to put the Socialists out?

### RESULT

Yes	35 per cent.
No	35 per cent.
Don't be barmy! How could I, by myself?	30 per cent.

4. Do you think Shinwell should resign?

### RESULT

Yes	140 per cent.
No	130 per cent.
Do you?	13 per cent.
Couldn't Care Less	653 per cent.

5. Are you in favour of (a) immigration, (b) emigration?

### RESULT

Yes, Yes	100 per cent.
No, No	

6. Would you say that the Attlee Government is more, or less popular than six months ago?

### RESULT

Yes	3 per cent.
No	2 per cent.
Well—er	15 per cent.
See, six months ago.	Now what was I doing
X X 2 1 X 1	six months ago?.... 80 per cent.

7. Are you in favour of a Coalition?

### RESULT

Yes	0 per cent.
No	0 per cent.
1 X 1 1 1 2 X	31 per cent.
X X 2 1 1 1 2 X	34 per cent.
2 1 2 X X 1 1 2 1	35 per cent.

8. And lastly, do you think that questionnaires of this kind are useful and reliable?

### RESULT

It all depends what use you make of them...	99 per cent.
Too early to say.....	1 per cent.

Our special staff of analysts is now working on these results and hopes to declare its findings very shortly. Go through the questions carefully, write your answers in the space generously provided and award yourself ten marks for anything correct. A score of 30 or less puts you in the Einstein class.

HOD.



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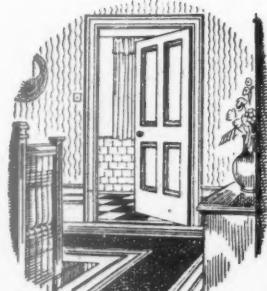
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Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole pan is then sweet and clean—the part you don't see, as well!



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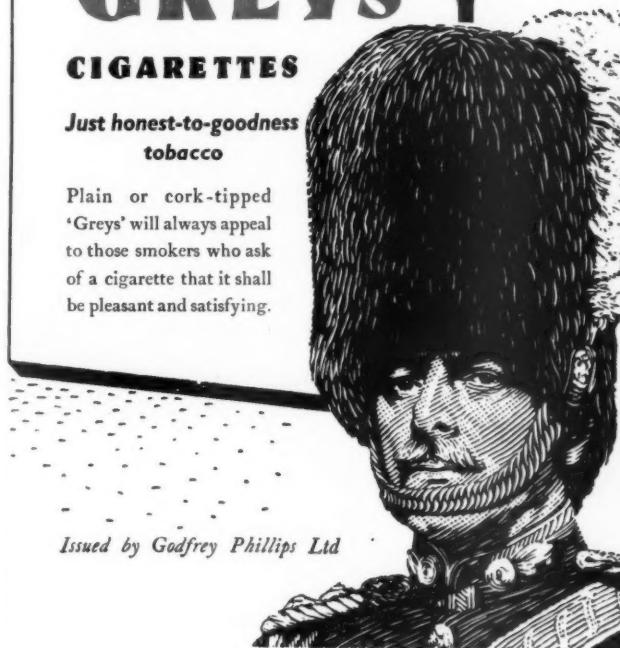
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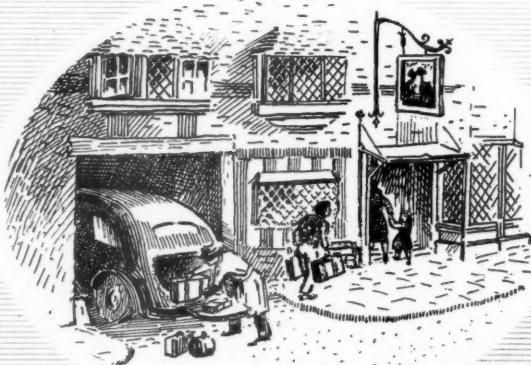
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*Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake*